Disney

Winnie the Pooh

Sweet Dreams, Roo

It was bedtime in the Hundred-Acre Wood. But Roo wasn't the least bit sleepy.

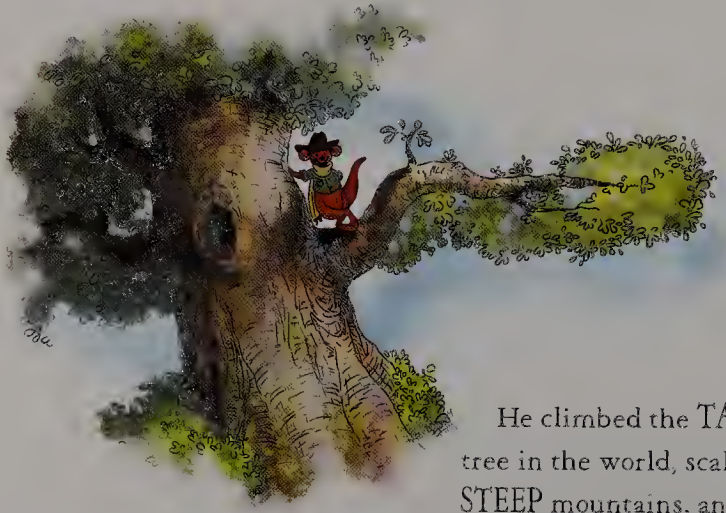
"I don't want to go to sleep, Mama," he told Kanga. "Please tell me a bedtime story!"

"All right, dear," Kanga said.

"Here's one of your favorites. . . ."

Kanga's Story:
Roo the Explorer

Once upon a time, there was a brave explorer named Roo. He traveled far and wide, discovering wonders great and small.

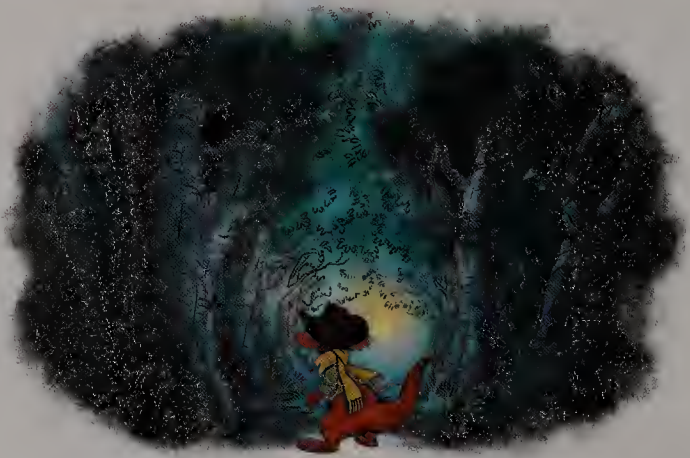


He climbed the TALLEST tree in the world, scaled STEEP mountains, and crossed raging rivers.

But even explorers must rest, and Explorer Roo soon grew tired.

He tried to sleep beneath a PRICKLY rosebush. But that wasn't comfortable AT ALL.

Then Roo decided that a fallen log looked like a fine bed. But it wasn't!



Finally, Explorer Roo spied a tiny light through the trees. It was a candle in the window of a lovely little house.

Explorer Roo opened the door . . . to find his very own cozy bed! "Welcome home," Explorer Roo's mother said as she tucked him in.

"Good night," Explorer Roo said as he snuggled beneath the covers.

"Good night, little one," Kanga finished.

"But I'm still not sleepy, Mama," said Roo. "Please tell me another story!"

So Kanga told another bedtime tale, and then another. But even after she'd told every story she knew, Roo was still wide awake!

Kanga sighed. Then she hurried off to seek help from her friends.

The first ones to arrive at Roo's bedside were Pooh and Piglet.

"We heard you needed a bedtime story to help you fall asleep," Pooh said. "Luckily, I know just the one."

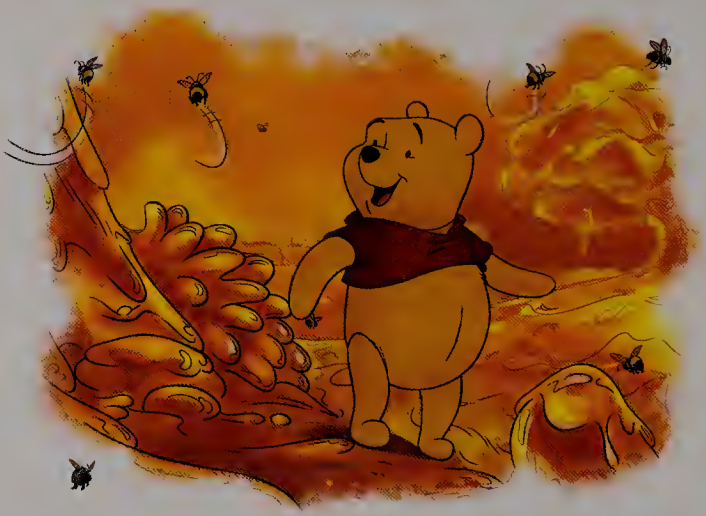
Pooh's Story: The Land of Honey

Once upon a time, there was a bear of very little brain. One day, the bear opened his cupboard to get some honey and found that all the pots were empty.

"Oh, bother!" he said. "Where does all the honey go?"

At that moment, one of the pots fell over and began rolling out the door.

"Come back!" the bear cried, rushing after it.



The bear followed the pot until he came to a place he'd never seen before. It was a land of honey, as far as the eye could see!

And so the very hungry bear settled in for a very tasty supper, then lay down in a honey bed beneath a honey blanket, certain that he would live there honey-ly—er, happily ever after.

"Are you sleepy now, Roo?" Pooh asked hopefully.

"Nope!" Roo exclaimed.

"Shall I try my story next?" Piglet asked uncertainly. "I don't know that it's the right sort for a bedtime story."

"Please tell it, Piglet!" Roo said. "I love all sorts of stories."

Piglet took a deep breath and began. . . .

Piglet's Story:
Sniglet the Brave

Once upon a time, there was a very small animal who lived in the Wood. His name was, er, Sniglet.

Sniglet was small but unusually brave.

One day, Tigger told Sniglet of a tall creature lurking in the Wood.

"I'll go have a word with it," Sniglet said. "I won't have TALL creatures scaring my friends. It simply won't do!"

Sniglet marched bravely into the Wood and found the creature high in a treetop, fluttering in a most menacing way.

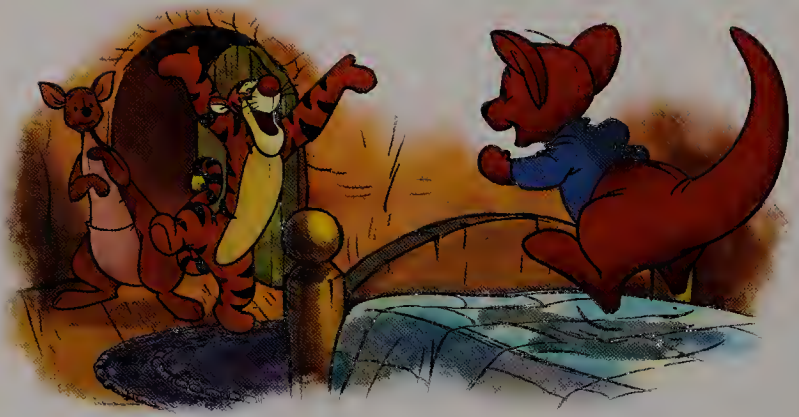
"Well, now," Sniglet began. "I think we'd better discuss this matter of your frightfulness."

The creature responded by swooping down, grabbing Sniglet, and sweeping him up into the air!

"Let me go!" Sniglet cried.

"I won't have it!" he added. And then he said various other brave things. In the end, his courage unnerved the creature. It dropped him and flew off, never to be seen again.

Piglet had just finished his story when Tigger CRASHED into the room.

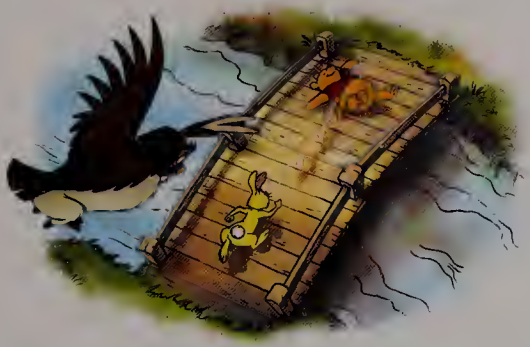


"Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!" Tigger cried. "Did I hear that somebody needs a *sleepifyin'* story?"

"Me!" Roo cried happily. "Do you know a good story?"

"Do I ever, Little Buddy!" Tigger exclaimed.

Tigger's Story:
The Big Race



Once upon a time, there was a race from one end of the Wood to the other.

"Oh, bother," said Pooh Boy. "I just filled my tummy with honey. I'm too full to run." So instead of running, he turned sideways and started rollllling along like a big ball of fur.

Ol' Long Ears ran using his long feet, and Owl flew through the air in the flapariffic way owls do.

"Oh, no!" Roo Boy cried. "How are we gonna win?"

"Never fear, Little Buddy," Tigger said. "Winning races is what tiggers and roos do best. See, we have a secret weapon: *rapidability*—also known as bouncing!

They **bounced** along faster than everyone. The only question was which of the two of 'em was gonna make it across the Wood first!

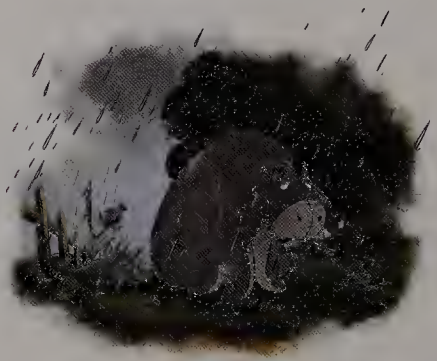
"Who won?" Roo interrupted, bouncing up and down.

Tigger thought for a second. "Well, Little Buddy, nobody knows. See, they bounced too fast for anyone to see!"

Just then, Eeyore wandered in. "I know a bedtime story," he announced. "Not that anyone cares," he added.

"I do, Eeyore," Roo said. "Please tell me your story!"

Eeyore's Story: The Umbrella (or not) (Probably not)



It all began on a dark and gloomy day of no particular importance. A rather bedraggled donkey was eating thistles in the meadow when it began to rain.

"Oh, bother," the donkey said, though there was nobody to hear him. "And me without an umbrella."

He wandered off in search of an umbrella. But he never found one, and so he spent the evening wet and cold.

"Is that it?" Roo asked once Eeyore had finished.

"Is what it?" Eeyore asked. "That is, if you were talking to me at all. Which would be rather surprising, if you think about it. All things considered."

Before Roo could answer, Owl hurried in. "I hear someone is in need of a story," he said. "If I may say so myself, I happen to be quite an accomplished storyteller. Now lie back and prepare to be lulled into the very deepest of sleeps."

"Once upon a time," Owl began, "there was a rather handsome and educated owl. Some said he was the wisest creature ever to live in the Wood. Others, however, disagreed, claiming that Owl's great-grandfather Stanislav was ever so slightly wiser . . ."

Roo lay back, wondering when Owl would get to the good part of the story. But Kanga had taught him not to interrupt, so he closed his eyes and waited.

Owl's story continued for quite some time, though nobody could have specified exactly how long or precisely what the story might be about. That was because the longer Owl talked . . . and talked . . . and talked some more, the harder it became for anyone to keep their eyes open.

Before long, Owl had to raise his voice to hear himself over the chorus of all his friends' snoring.

"Well, then," Owl interrupted himself at last. "I suppose I shall have to finish tomorrow when everyone is a bit more alert." He pulled the covers up to Roo's chin.

Sweet dreams, Roo.

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It's bedtim re
Wood, but tiny
bit sleepy. After
of bedtime stories, their friends arrive to help. Each of them shares a favorite bedtime story until one tale finally helps little Roo fall asleep.

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